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BURGHLEY AND BACON.

THERE was published in 1732 "The Life of the Great Statesman William Cecil, Lord Burghley." The preface signed by Arthur Collins states:—

The work I have for several years engaged in, of treating of those families that have been Barons of this Kingdom, necessarily induced me to apply to our Nobility for such helps, as might illustrate the memory of their ancestors. And several Noblemen having favour'd me with the perusal of their family evidences, and being recommended to the Right Honourable the present Earl of Exeter, his Lordship out of just regard to the memory of his great Ancestor, was pleased to order the manuscript Life of the Lord Burghley to be communicated to me.

Which being very old and decayed and only legible to such who are versed in ancient writings it was with great satisfaction that I copied it literatim. And that it may not be lost to the world, I now offer it to the view of the publick. It fully appears to be wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth soon after his Lordship's death, by one who was intimate with him, and an eye witness of his actions for the last twenty-five years. It needs no comment to set it off; that truth and sincerety which shines through the whole, will, I don't doubt have the same weight with the Readers as it had with me and that they will be of opinion it's too valuable to be buried in oblivion.

This "Life of Lord Burghley" is referred to by Nares and other of his biographers as having been written by

"a domestic." It contains about 16,000 words and is the most authentic account extant of the great statesman's life. The narrative is full, but the observations on the character and habits of Burghley are by far the most important feature. The method of treatment of the subject is after Bacon's style; the Life abounds with phrases and with tricks of diction, which enable it to be identified as his. The concluding sentences could only have been written with Bacon's pen:—

And so leaving his soule with God, his fame to the world, and the truth to all charitable myndes, I leave the sensure to all judicious Christians, who truly practising what they professe, will better approve, and more indifferently interpret it, than envie or mallice can disprove it. The best sort will ever doe right, the worst can but imagine mischeif and doe wrong; yet this is a comfort, the more his virtues are troden downe, the more will their brightnes appeare. *Virtus vulnerata virescit.*

In 1592 the "*Responsio ad edictum Reginae Angliæ*" of the Jesuit Parsons had appeared, attacking the Queen and her advisers (especially Burghley), to whom were attributed all the evils of England and the disturbances of Christendom. The reply to this was entrusted to Francis Bacon, who responded with a pamphlet entitled "*Certain observations upon a libel published this present year, 1592.*" It was first printed by Dr. Rawley in the "*Resuscitatio*" in 1657. At the time it was written it was circulated largely in manuscript, for at least eight copies, somewhat varying from each other, have been preserved.* It is quite possible that it was printed at the time, but that no copy has survived. Throughout the whole work there are continual references to Burghley. Chapter VI. is entirely devoted to his defence and is headed "*Certain true general notes*

* Harl. MSS., 537, pp. 26 and 71; additional MSS., 4,263, p. 144; Harl. MSS., 6,401; Harl. MSS., 6,854, p. 203; Cambridge Univ. Lib., Mm. V 5; Cotton MSS., Tit., Chap. VII., p. 50 b; Harl. MSS., 859, p. 40; Cotton MSS., Jul., F. VI., p. 158.

upon the actions of the Lord Burghley." Either "The Life" and the "Observations on a Libel" are by the same writer or the author of the former used the latter very freely.

It is to be regretted that the original manuscript of the "Life" cannot now be found. In 1732 it was at Burghley House. Application has been made to the present Marquis of Exeter for permission to inspect it, but his Lordship's librarian has no knowledge of its existence. If it could be examined it is probable that if the text was not in Bacon's handwriting some notes or alterations might be recognised as his. The writer says he was an eye witness of Burghley's life and actions twenty-five years together—that would be from 1573 to 1598, which would well accord with the present contention. If Bacon was the author it throws considerable light on his relations with Burghley and establishes the fact that they were of the most cordial and affectionate character. It is reported that Bacon said that in the time of the Burghleys, father and son, clever or able men were repressed, and mainly upon this has been based the impression that Burghley opposed Francis Bacon's progress.

Burghley's biographer refers to this report. He writes: "He was careful and desirous to further and advance men of quality and desart to be Councillors and officers to her Majesty wherein he placed manie and laboured to bring in more . . . yet would envy with her slaunders report he hindered men from rising; but howe true it is wise men maie judge, for it was the Queene to take whom she pleased and not in a subject to preferree whom he listed."

It will eventually be proved that such a report conveys an incorrect view. In the letter of 1591,* addressed to Burghley, Bacon says:—"Besides I do not find in myself

* See BACONIANA, Vol. IX., p. 19.

so much self-love, but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I were able) of my friends and namely of your Lordship; who being the Atlas of this Commonwealth, the honour of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot, and of an unworthy kinsman, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service," and later in the letter he employs the phrase, "And if your Lordship will not carry me on," and then threatens to sell the inheritance that he has, purchase some quick revenue that may be executed by another, and become some sorry bookmaker or a pioneer in that mine of truth which Anaxagoras said lay so deep.

Again, in a letter to Burghley, dated 31st March, 1594, he says:—"Lastly, that howsoever this matter may go, yet I may enjoy your lordship's good favour and help as I have done in regard to my private estate, which as I have not altogether neglected so I have but negligently attended and which hath been bettered only by yourself (the Queen except) and not by any other in matter of importance." Further on he says: "Thus again desiring the continuance of your Lordship's goodness as I have hitherto found it on my part sought also to deserve, I commend," etc.

It is very easy, with little information as to Bacon's actions and little knowledge of the period, to form a definite opinion as to the relations of Bacon and Burghley. The more information as to the one and knowledge of the other one gets, the more difficult does it become to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Here was the son of Elizabeth's great Lord Keeper, the nephew of her trusted minister, himself from his boyhood a *persona grata* with the Queen, of brilliant parts and great wisdom—if he had been a mere place-hunter his desires could have been satisfied over and over

again. There was some condition of circumstance, of which nothing has hitherto been known, which prevented him from obtaining the object of his desires. That he had a definite object, and had mapped out a course by which he hoped to achieve it, is evident from his letters * already quoted. It is equally clear that the course he sought to pursue entailed his abandoning the law as a profession. Either he would only have such place as he desired, and on his own terms, or he was known to be following some course which, although not distasteful to his close friends, caused him to be held in suspicion, if not distrust, by the courtiers with whom Elizabeth was surrounded. In 1594, when Essex was urging Bacon's appointment as Attorney-General, Burghley told Bacon that amongst the Privy Counsellors only he and Essex were in his favour, as it was considered he was too much given to speculation. Lloyd, in his *Biography of Bacon*, said: "Its dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Bacon's parts." Every additional fact that comes to light seems to point to the truth being that through his life Burghley was Francis Bacon's staunch friend and supporter. Upon Sir Nicholas Bacon's death Burghley appears with Bodley to have been maintaining Bacon in his travels abroad. Upon his return to England Burghley gave him financial support in his great project. In 1591 there was a crisis—someone had been spending money for the past twelve years freely in making English literature. That cannot be gainsaid. Burghley appears to have pulled up and remonstrated; hence Bacon's letter containing the threat before referred to. It is significant that it was immediately after this letter was written that Bacon's association with Essex commenced. Bacon would take him and Southampton into his confidence and seek their help. Essex was just the

* See *BACONIANA*, Vol. IX., pp. 14—20.

man to respond with enthusiasm. Francis introduced Anthony to him. The services of the brothers were placed at his disposal, and he undertook to manage the Queen. The office of Attorney-General for Francis would meet the case. "It was dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Essex his favour," says the biographer before quoted.*

Only Burghley was found to support Essex's advocacy, and on the whole this was not to be wondered at. Such an appointment, to say the least, would have been an experiment. Possibly Essex was the stumbling-block, but it may be that the real objection on the part of the Queen and her advisers was that Bacon was known to be so amorous of certain learned arts, so much given over to invention, that the consensus of opinion was that he was thereby unfitted to hold an important office of the State.

It has been suggested that in 1591 there was a crisis in Bacon's life. That is evident from the letter to Burghley. In that year John Harrington's translation of "*Orlando Furioso*" was published. The manuscript, which is in a perfect condition, is in the British Museum, and has been marked in Bacon's handwriting throughout. The pagination and the printer's signature are placed at the commencement of the stanzas to be printed on each page, and there are instructions to the printer at the end which are not in his hand.

There are good grounds for attributing the notes at the end of each chapter to Bacon.

It is very improbable that Sir John Harrington had the classical knowledge which the writer of these notes must have possessed. There is a letter written by him to Sir Amias Pawlett, dated January, 1606-7. He is relating an interview with King James, and says: "Then he (the king) enquiryde muche of lernynge and

* See note as to Bodley, *BACONIANA*, No. VII., page 117.

showede me his owne in such sorte as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge aforetyme. He soughte muche to knowe my advances in philosophie and utterede profounde sentences of Aristotle and such lyke wryters, whiche I had never reade and which some are bolde enoughe to saye others do not understand." It would be difficult to mention any classical author with whose works the writer of these notes was not familiar, or to believe that "Epigrams both Pleasant and Serious" (1615) came from the pen of that writer.

At the end of the thirty-seventh chapter the following note occurs: "It was because she (Porcia) wrote some verses in manner of an Epitaph upon her husband after his decease: In which kind, that honourable Ladie (widow of the late Lord John Russell) deserveth no lesse commendation, having done as much for two husbands. And whereas my author maketh so great bost only of one learned woman in Italie, I may compare (besides one above all comparison that I have noted in the twentieth booke) three or foure in England out of one family, and namely the sisters of that learned Ladie, as witness that verse written by the meanest of the foure to the Ladie Burlie which I doubt if Cambridge or Oxford can mend."

The four daughters of Sir Anthonic Cooke—	Si mihi quem cupio cures Mildreda remitti	She wrote to Lady Burlie to send a kinsman of hers into Cornwall,
Ladie Burlie,	Tu bona, tu melior, tu mihi sola soror ;	where she dwelt, and to stop his going beyond
Ladie Russell,	Sin mali cessando retines, & trans mare mittis,	sea.
Ladie Bacon,	Tu mala, tu perior, tu mihi nulla soror.	
Mistress Killygrew.	Is si Cornubrain, tibi pax sit & omnia læta,	
	Sin mare Cecilie nuncio bella.	
	Vale. ^o	

^o If you, O Mildred, will take care to send back to me him whom I desire,

The writer of the Latin verse was *not* Ladie Russell, and it was written *to* Ladie Burlie, so she must either be Ladie Bacon or Mistress Killigrew. It is not an improbable theory that Ladie Bacon was writing to her sister Mildred, who had, through her husband, power either to send Francis to Cornwall or permit him to be sent away over the seas.

There is a copy of Machiavelli's "History of Florence," 1595, with Bacon's notes in the margins.

At the end is a memoranda giving the dates when the book was read "in Cornwall at," and then follow two words, the second of which is "Lake," but the first is undecipherable.

One note on this book contains an interesting historical fact hitherto unknown. On page 279 the text states: "Among the Conspirators was Nicholo Fedini whom they employed as Chauncellor, he persuaded with a hope more certaine, revealed to Piero, all the practice agreed by his enemies, and delivered him a note of all their names." Bacon has made the following note in the margin: "Ex did the like in Englund which he burnt at Shirfr Smiths house in fenchurch Street."

Is it possible that Lady Anne Bacon had a house in Cornwall which Francis Bacon, inheriting after her death, was in the habit of visiting for retirement? But this is conjecture, not, however, without some basis of foundation.

The following point is of interest. In the "Life of Burghley" (1598) it is said that: "Bookes weare so

You will be my good, my more than good, my only sister ;
But if, unfortunately, by doing nothing you keep him back and
send him across the sea,

You will be bad, more than bad, nay no sister at all of mine.
If he comes to Cornwall, peace and all joys be with you,
But if he goes by sea to Sicily I declare war. Farewell.

pleasing to him, as when he gott libertie to goe unto his house to take ayre, if he found a book worth the openinge, he wold rather loose his ridinge than his readinge; and yet ryding in his garden walks upon his litle moile was his greatest Disport: But so soone as he came in he fell to his readinge againe or els to dispatchinge busines."

Rawley, in his "Life of Bacon" (1657), attributes an exactly similar habit to the philosopher, and almost in identical phrase: "For he would ever interlace a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies as walking, or taking the air abroad in his coach or some other befitting recreation; and yet he would lose no time, inasmuch as upon his first and immediate return he would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement."

It is difficult to approach any phase of the life of Bacon without being confronted with what appears to be evidence of careful preparation to obscure the facts. This observation does not result from imagination or prejudice; Bacon's movements are always enshrouded in mystery. Investigation and research will, however, eventually establish as a fact that there was a closer connection between Burghley and Bacon than historians have recognised, and that they had a strong mutual attachment for each other.

W. T. SMEDLEY.

THE SONNETS OF "SHAKESPEARE."

(A NEW VIEW).

MUCH has been written both about the authorship and interpretation of these famous compositions—so much, indeed, that it may be deemed presumptuous and futile, especially for one outside the select circle of "eminent Shakespearean critics," to say anything more about them. But as, in spite of all that has been written or said on the subject by this distinguished body, they still remain confessedly as mysterious as they are remarkable, perhaps, as an outsider who has at least endeavoured to arrive at an impartial opinion about them, I may be allowed to state what that opinion is.

And first, as to the authorship. Most people, I am quite aware, will say that on that point there can be no doubt at all. Their title declares it. They are the Sonnets of "Shakespeare." Well, on that I agree, and I am quite content to leave the matter there without, in this place, stopping to inquire who that "Shakespeare" was—whether, that is, he was (as is still the popular opinion) the Actor of Stratford, commonly, though incorrectly, known under that name, or (as I believe) the Philosopher of St. Albans, writing under that name as a pseudonym.

Leaving, as I say, that point for the present undiscussed, the matter to which I desire to address myself is entirely the question of the meaning and interpretation of the famous writings, and this resolves itself, as I think, into two questions, which are these:—

1. To whom were these wonderful poems—usually called Sonnets, though not strictly such—addressed? and
2. For what purpose?

On the first of these points the opinions up to now have been numerous—not to say innumerable—but the

general conclusion may be, I think, summed up in the words of a well-known writer on the subject, that "the Sonnets are addressed to a high-born and beautiful young man, apparently a mere lad when some of them were written," but there seem to have been almost as many doubts as to who this favoured youth was as there have been writers on the question—the favourites for the position, however, being three: the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Essex, in the order named.

As the supporters, however, of these and other claimants for the honour of place as the subject of the immortal Sonnets one and all most satisfactorily refute each other, I do not propose to enter into the respective merits or demerits of their several candidates, and that for the simple reason that, after as careful a reading and study of the poems as, I venture to say, the most famous of their critics has been able to give, I have come to the conclusion, not, indeed, of the late famous critic Mr. John Abraham Heraut, that "there is not a single Sonnet which is addressed to any individual at all," for the constant use of the pronouns "thou" or "you" and "thee" plainly shows that they must have been addressed to *some* individual or individuality, but I would adopt this dictum with the qualification that *they are not addressed to any individual or individuality apart or distinct* (as Southampton or Pembroke or any *other person* would be) *from the writer*, but to an imaginary, though still real, individuality in the person or personality of the writer himself. In other and simpler words, the writer (whoever he may be, calling himself "Shakespeare") is simply

"SHAKESPEARE" TALKING TO HIMSELF,

and, for that purpose, treating himself objectively, as it were, as a distinct personality. Thus the pronouns "I" and "me," "thou" and "thee" or (occasionally) "you," though of different "persons" grammatically,

all through the Sonnets, I maintain, represent one and the same personality.

This, in short, as well as I can explain it, is my "theory"—a theory for which, however strange, however bizarre, however impossible it may appear at first sight, I confidently claim the unique merit of rendering the reading of them what they have confessedly never been as yet—*intelligible* to the ordinary, or, indeed, any candid reader. For every Shakesperian critic, I believe, has admitted the fact of their present unintelligibility—one of the most distinguished of them (Mr. Grant White) going so far as to say not only that the Shakespeare Sonnets remain, but *ever will* remain, a mystery.

But, before proceeding to show—as I propose to do—that my theory negatives this and does what no other theory has (admittedly) done, I would claim for it that, though "new," as I have described it, it is not "strange"! For what is there strange or odd or bizarre in the idea that a man should regard himself, for the purpose of self-communing, as a separate individuality? Is it not commonly done by every man in a small and, so to speak, commonplace way? Is it not, indeed, a device to which other poets beside the "Prince" of them have resorted? To take but one instance, does not the Psalmist (whoever he was) do so—dividing himself from his Soul, his other self—and addressing it, as it were, objectively? And what was the Dæmon of Socrates, with whom that philosopher conversed, but a part of himself—his "conscience" or inner mind, so to speak?

But, granting that no poet ever carried this self-separation to the extent which, in my view, our "Shakespeare" did, let my readers, before they condemn my theory of such a separation in his case, turn to the Sonnets themselves and see how that theory works out in rendering the now admittedly unintel-

ligibleness of them intelligible. And, before they do so *seriatim*, beginning with No. 1, I would invite them to look out and read carefully the Sonnet No. 39,* for there they will, if I mistake not, as clearly as words can reveal anything, discover an answer to the question (No. 2) which I have proposed to discuss, namely, "the purpose for which the Sonnets were intended," and the reason why the poet adopted the device, so to speak, of a dual personality. It was, as he there tells us, because the subject of his discourse being himself and himself alone, the treatment of that subject involved a self-glorification, an estimate of his own genius and greatness, and claims for immortality, which, however true (as they were), would have appeared insufferable if attributed to himself by himself in the first person—a self-praise, indeed, which (if he were Francis Bacon, as of course *I* believe he was) he had emphatically condemned as unbecoming in his Essay on "Friendship,"† and elsewhere, but which, if addressed apparently to *another*, who was really himself, or (as he expresses it) "the better part of him," would seem free from the appearance of immodesty.

But let the Sonnet speak for itself:—

"O how thy words with manners may I sing,
 When *thou art all the better part of me?*
 What can mine own praise to my own self bring?
 And what is't but *mine own* when I *praise thee?*
Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by *this separation* I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love

* Treated as if addressed to Southampton by a scholar so respected as the Rev. Walter Begley.

† "A man can scarce alledge his own merits with modesty, much less extol them."

(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here who doth else remain."

Now I would seriously ask any impartial Baconian (and I cannot imagine any true Baconian to be otherwise than impartial and open-minded), reading these lines in the light which I have endeavoured to throw upon them, and applying my theory of the identity of the pronominal interchange to be found in them, to say whether the passage, thus read, without quoting others, does not of itself bear out the interpretation I have suggested and make the meaning of it, otherwise unintelligible, quite clear. Does it not, thus read, show that the writer thus speaking is addressing no other individuality than himself—"thou" being but the "better part of me," &c.? And, in particular, I would call attention to the fifth line—

"Even for this let us divided be."

"Even for this." For what? For what but that the writer might praise himself while seeming to praise another and so avoid the reproach or suspicion of "self-praise"? And why "let us divided be" if they were before divided, as they necessarily would be, if the writer were addressing any other personality apart from himself, as Southampton or Pembroke, etc., etc.?

Then again, in the seventh line, what does "this separation" mean but the imaginary division of the writer himself into two supposed individualities, which, however, are ever one and the same? In fact, it would hardly be too much to say that this single Sonnet makes good my contention, though confirmation of it, in my opinion, exists in them all.

What clearer announcement of the fact, indeed, could there be for instance than that contained in the last two lines of Sonnet 62, where the poet appears to state it in so many words?

" 'Tis to *thee (myself)* that for myself I praise
Painting myself with beauty of thy days."

And now, after this brief exposition of my meaning, I would invite the reader—any impartial and open-minded reader—to turn to the opening stanzas of these otherwise mysterious monologues or self-communings, and read them consecutively in the light which I have endeavoured to throw upon them. They begin, of course, with the ever-memorable line, which contains, as it were, the text of the larger number of them,

"From fairest creatures we desire increase,"

which, with those that immediately follow, have usually been interpreted (as before intimated) as conveying to "a beautiful youth of high birth" an exhortation to marry and beget children, that his youth and beauty and other resplendent qualities may be perpetuated in his offspring, which idea, strange to say, appears to have captured the imagination of generations of readers as a glorious one. To my mind, however, I must say it is anything but that. On the contrary, I venture to think it is a most ignoble one and quite unworthy of our recognised "Prince of Poets." To me the idea savours more of the eugenics of the horse or cattle or sheep breeder than the spiritual imagination of a poet, and if the "Shakespeare" who made the suggestion were, as we Baconians believe him to be, the great philosopher of St. Albans, it would display a grossness of which it is difficult to believe him capable, while, in the mouth, or from the pen, of the mean actor of Stratford, considering the man to whom it is supposed to be addressed, be he Southampton, or Pembroke, or Essex, it would be not only that, but an insufferable impertinence.

For this reason, therefore, I, for one, cannot believe this opening stanza—the keynote to all the rest—to bear that (commonly called) "procreative" interpretation. But how different, how much more noble, is the mean-

ing attached to the famous opening lines if the theory of the interpretation which I have ventured to suggest is applied to them! Thus read, "the fairest creatures" for which "we desire increase" would not be the offspring of the body, but of the mind, and the "exhortation" would not be one addressed to any "outside individual," if I may use such a phrase to express one separate and distinct from the writer himself, but to himself, or the "better part" of him—otherwise to his genius, or that faculty within himself which he terms his "Invention"—inciting it, as part of himself, whilst in the prime of his youth, to exercise or put in operation his generative powers *in a purely literary sense*, to produce, in the form of poesy, the "fairest creatures"—creations of his brain, specimens of which he had already shown to the world in his *Venus and Adonis*—"the first heir of his invention"—and in his *Lucrece*.

This at least is the way in which I venture to interpret this magnificent opening, which I take to be what musicians would call the *motif* suggesting and underlying the whole of the wondrous series, and especially that portion of them commonly called the "Procreation Sonnets." And how much more noble and spiritual a conception of their true meaning this is than the gross and material one (I do not think these adjectives too strong) which has generally been accepted as attaching to them, I confidently leave to the judgment of my readers.

And here I would add, though it is but a fancy, that I cannot help thinking that the idea of the Sonnets and the form they took was suggested to Francis Bacon (if he were the author) by the portrait of himself produced by Hilliard—the "fairest" presentment of intellectual youth and vigour, perhaps, ever exhibited of any individual, though even that did not, in the opinion of the artist, do justice to the mind of the represented. With that in

his hand, or before him,* I can imagine the "beautiful youth" "with hues of genius on his cheek," conscious of the powers within him, and full of yearning to use them at once for the good of humanity and for his own ultimate fame and glory, sitting down and inditing this first line of the most marvellous compositions of the kind which the world has ever seen, but which, I venture to say, the world has never yet understood—"sitting down," I say, with this image of himself before him—the material presentment of the "*thou*" to whom and whom alone he speaks, and, as the poet Wordsworth aptly expresses it, "unlocks his heart."

This, at least, is my firm belief, based upon a careful and absolutely detached reading of the Sonnets as literary compositions. In this great "*thou*," synonymous with the "*I*" of the speaker, everywhere and through the whole length of the series, may, I confidently affirm, be found the key of the lock referred to by the poet.

And, in further proof of this, I would ask the reader to proceed to the next stanza, and test it and see how it there fits. For what does the poet do here but anticipate, with a kind of horror, the feelings with which,

"When forty winters shall besiege thy (*his*) brow,

And dig deep trenches on thy (*his*) beauty's field," &c.,

he would look back upon a wasted youth—wasted because unfruitful in the production of "fairest creatures" (creations of the brain) and the joy, on the other hand, which the contemplation of such "fair children" about him would bring, causing him to renew his youth in them—

"These were to be new made when thou art (*himself is*) old,

And see thy (*his*) blood warm when thou felt'st (*he felt*) it cold."

* In his Essay on Friendship Bacon says, "A man were better relate *himself* to a statua or *picture* than let his thoughts pass in smother (smother)." Is he not doing that here?

Then, to go on to Sonnet, or stanza 3, perhaps the most suggestive of all the "Procreation" series,

"Look in thy glass," &c.

Have we not here the poet, the writer, whoever he was, viewing his own intellectual beauty—that *mind* which the artist so earnestly longed to put into his picture when he wrote round it, with a sort of despair,

"Si tabula daretur digna *Animam malle*,"

and exclaiming to himself, "Now is the time that intellect should produce something—some fair creation—worthy of itself! It were a shame ('thou dost beguile the world') to leave it unfruitful." Then, seeing in "the glass," or (if Bacon) perhaps in that picture I have suggested he might be holding in his hand, that touch of femininity in the boyish countenance which there appears, the writer addresses himself alternately as a boy and a girl:—

"For where is she so fair whose unlearned womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity?"

As if to say, "What subject upon earth is too fair—what theme too great for thee to undertake, and which could not be advantaged by thy treatment of it," anticipating Milton's thought when he felt himself equal to undertake "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." And "who as he so fond," that is, where is the man so wrapt up in himself, so insensible to the beauty of intellectual things, who, contemplating thee (in thy works), would not be stimulated to follow thy example? What other meaning can these lines have but this?

Then the following lines, "Thou art thy mother's glass," &c., speak for themselves, especially if Bacon's; for was not he intellectually, if not physically, form and feature, the "son of his mother," one of the most gifted

women of her time? But the last couplet, I think, clinches my argument :—

" But, if thou live, remembered not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee ";

that is, "if you exert not now those pre-eminent gifts with which heaven has endowed thee, if thou art not married (as it were) to any of the Muses, what chance hast thou of being remembered—what hope of immortality? Thou wilt have left no *intellectual offspring behind thee.*"

Space will not permit me now to pursue this paraphrase in this manner through the length of the Sonnets or any considerable part of them. But, if the reader will persevere in applying the simple key I claim to have found, I think he will discover that it unlocks the literal meaning of all of them. I can only refer to a few more illustrations of this. Take, for example, the famous Sonnet (55) in which the poet is admitted by all, I believe, as claiming for *himself* future fame, and immortality for his verses, with even more than Horatian daring. But how does he do it? Not, like the Roman poet, by speaking in the first person—" *Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.—but by addressing his eulogium as to *another*, only using this time "you" instead of "thou" for the second person:—

" Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But *you* shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone," &c.

Surely "you" here stands for "I" (the poet himself), and not for Southampton or any other separate personality.*

* And in connection with this and other Sonnets where the poet is commonly supposed to be promising immortality to another, I should like to ask how that immortality could accrue to one *unnamed*?

But in claiming thus to have disposed of the main difficulty which has hitherto attended the interpretation of the Sonnets, I am far from saying that there are no other difficulties attaching to them. On the contrary, there are many, though they are of a very different kind. For, in these melodious murmurings or mutterings, not only was "Shakespeare" "talking to himself," but to himself *about himself and things known only to himself*, or, it may be, a few others, of his "private friends," for whose eyes alone these "sugared" productions were probably intended. No wonder, then, that they are obscure to actual unintelligibility here and there, and especially towards the end, where the mysterious personage, as she is generally esteemed, commonly alluded to as the "Dark Lady," comes upon the scene, about whose individuality there have been almost as many speculations—all of them contradictory—as about the persons to whom the earlier ones were "addressed," Mary Fitton and Queen Elizabeth being, I believe, the two favourites for the position.

But, even here the method of interpretation I am suggesting does not, I submit, fail me, for, as I believe, with Mr. Heraud, that "no single Sonnet is addressed to any individual at all," *except* (as I go further and say) *the writer—the poet himself—or some "part of him" personified*, so do I believe that that mysterious entity, the "Dark Lady," is, in Mr. Heraud's words, "no individual"—no actual personality, no creature of flesh and blood, like Mary Fitton or the Queen, but purely and simply a creation of the poet's brain, as much as "Lady Macbeth" or "Desdemona," or any other of the "characters" in the plays—as "real," indeed, as all the creations of the great dramatist are, as living beings, but still creatures of the imagination, as much as they. The only difference in this case is (if, indeed, there be a difference, and if many other of the characters,

as Hamlet, are not so created) that the poet makes this "creation" *out of himself*—*she* (the Dark Lady) being the "worse" part of him, as his former love was the "better," and, therefore, she also is addressed by the pronoun "thou." The poet now (towards the end of the Sonnets, and, therefore, in his maturer years) has *two loves*—still the "beautiful youth" (the original, as I believe, of the charming Hilliard miniature, but now grown a man—a "man right fair")—and another "a woman coloured ill." He distinctly tells us so—saying (Sonnet 144):—

"Two loves have I of counsel and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest one still,
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse sprite a woman coloured ill."

What, I ask, can be plainer? And these "two loves" are "*both from me*" (see line 11); that is, both parts of himself personified and, therefore, both (according to my theory) addressed as "thou"—the first representing all that was good in the nature of the poet, the second all that was evil, and especially, it may be, some frailty, some "other law in his members" (to quote the words of another masterful dual personality, Paul, the "Shakespeare" of Christian philosophy) "warring against the law of his mind"—some "thorn in the flesh," some overpowering temptation, urging him with meretricious allurements to forsake his first love, his early ambition to fill the world with "fair creations," and to abandon his vast designs for "the glory of God and the good of all men"—to lead him to relinquish these and devote his pre-eminent, his god-like endowments and energies, to self-gratification, self-aggrandisement, and other ignoble, degrading and unworthy objects. Hence his personification of this temptress—this "worse part" of his nature—as a "woman coloured ill"—a *meretrix*, employing every art of allurement to draw him from his other and nobler

love. This is how I read it, and my reading, I think, is confirmed, and more than confirmed, by the rest of the Sonnet. For, how does it go on?—

"To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride."

Then he has doubts whether, after all, this "angel" and this "devil" may not be one and the same—the second only the first corrupted. He "cannot directly tell,"

"But being *both from me (him)*, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

This, I say, is how I read the mystery (so-called) of the Dark Lady. She is merely one of the marvellous personifications of vices and virtues which appear throughout the "Shakespeare" plays and poems, the dramatic representative of meretricious temptation, all the arts and allurements of which are delineated in her in minute detail—sometimes with a minuteness bordering on impure suggestiveness, if not obscenity—through the remainder of the Sonnets.

But I must not pursue the subject, for fear of the editorial closure, or I could, I think, go on to the "Q. E. D." of the problem, *modo Euclidis*. As it is, I must leave my readers, having, as I believe, supplied them with the key, to work it out for themselves.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

[There is reference to this article in "Notes."—ED.]

THE FOLIO AND ITS VOUCHERS.

IN the year or under the date of 1623 two important books were published. They were printed in folio shape, on foolscap paper of similar quality, measuring $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 13 in similar type and substantially bound.

One was entitled "De Augmentis Scientiarum," by Francis Bacon. The other was called "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies." Preliminary to the latter, Blount and Jaggard, in August, 1623, entered for their copies at the Stationers' Company sixteen Shakespeare plays thitherto unprinted.

For *King John*, *Taming of the Shrew*, and *Henry VI.*, parts I. and II., materially augmented and re-written, no license was obtained. They had been printed anonymously, *King John* in 1591, and the others in 1594.

Of the plays printed in quarto before 1623, with the name of Shakespeare on title-page, two, viz., *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry V.*, were improved in the Folio, while three, namely, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Richard II.*, were better plays in Quarto than in the Folio. Other plays then already published in quarto were the subject of much enlargement and emendation in the Folio, "the alterations," said Mr. Swinburne, "being for the benefit of readers only." The Science Folio was a reproduction of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," with considerable revisions and additions. In that respect it resembled the Play Folio. Ben Jonson was writing in Latin for Bacon at that date, as we learn from Archbishop Tenison. He was the best Latin scholar of his day (so he had affirmed to Drummond), and may have written part of the Latin in which the Science Folio was rendered.

"The History of Life and Death," printed in January, 1622-3, must have been written by Bacon in the previous year, and as the "De Augmentis" was the only work ascribed to Bacon in 1623, it is certain that if Bacon wrote the plays selected for publication in folio form in 1623, he had in his retirement from public work ample time to prepare them for the press.

For noblemen to whom to dedicate the Play Folio he could not have had more faithful friends than the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. They were the sons of his old friend (and cousin, according to the cipher story) the Countess Mary of Pembroke, and both were men of great independence. The old actors Heminge and Condell may have been readily induced to lend their names for a first appearance in print in a matter of this kind. They could not have been familiar with the dedicating words derived from Pliny's Latin epistle to Vespasian, used in the preface to which their names were appended. That Bacon, on the other hand, was quite familiar with this epistle can be deducted from his letters to King James (1603), to Villiers (1616), and to the House of Lords (1620). The legal terms which succeed one another in Heminge and Condell's dedication—arraign, tryalls, appeals, quitted by a decree of Court, purchased—were manifestly not within their ken, but Bacon could write them with practised ease. Shaksperians have, however, almost tumbled over one another to discount the Heminge and Condell statements in the prefaces as untrustworthy and misleading. Exeunt, therefore, two of the only three contemporary vouches for the Play Folio.

While we are not concerned in finding out the particular reason why Bacon as a prolific writer in the weed of poetry, dramatic and otherwise, so much despised by Bodley and other learned men of his day, did not publish it under his own name, we may fairly

enquire whether he had some educational object to serve in preparing a Folio selection of his plays for the reading public of future ages. I use Mr. Wigston's definition of the word "weed," which seems to be the correct one.

We are all agreed that the plays, with their learning, their study of the passions, their beautiful and impressive language, their philosophical utterances, have been of great educational value to readers. I think Bacon had an important object in this.

In the seventh book of "De Augmentis" he observes: "Writings should be such as should make men in love with the lesson and not with its teachers." And a few lines further on:

"Both in this present work and in those I intend to publish hereafter I often advisedly and deliberately throw aside the dignity of my name and wit (if such they be) in my endeavour to advance human interests." (This is the Ellis translation; the Watts translation is more emphatic and less ambiguous.)

Yet if he sacrificed his own name as teacher, he strove to be sufficiently ambiguous as to leave clear-headed men in enough uncertainty to prevent them falling in love with the abstraction he put in his place in the Play Folio.

The incongruities and absurdities of the Droeshout portrait should have been enough to give pause. The reader was urged on the very first page to regard the book and not the figure. Even the ambiguous commendatory verses were equally devised to cause hesitation and doubt.

"Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still."

"Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in *our* waters yet appear,"

And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames.

"And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

But it was all to little purpose ; men fell in love with the writings, then with the poetical name, and finally with the nominal teacher. Although these men abandoned Heminge and Condell, they buoyed up their love for their nominal teacher with the belief that in doing so they still had one substantial vouchee left in the contemporary poet Ben Jonson.

Jonson, born in 1574, was forty-nine when the Folio was in preparation, and sixty-three when he died (1637).

In 1641 some dissertations from his pen, entitled "Timber" or "Discoveries," were printed. According to a learned writer on Elizabethan literature, Mr. Crawford, these dissertations were largely derived from Bacon. Material therefore to the question of the value of Jonson's testimony in the Folio (ambiguous as much of it is) are four passages in his "Discoveries" written after Bacon's death (1626). Under the heading "Dominus Verulamius" Jonson discusses and highly appraises Bacon as an orator. Under "Scriptorum Catalogus" he values his worth as a poet and places the deceased Lord Chancellor at the top of the literary men of all ages, yet in doing so incidentally stultifies his own previous utterances in the verses prefixed to the Play Folio, unless in the latter he was ambiguously referring to Bacon. Under the heading of "De Augmentis, Lord St. Alban," he discusses Bacon as an educationalist. The words used in all three passages are those of intense personal affection and veneration. Elsewhere in the "De Augmentis" passage, however, there is considerable ambiguity of expression. The remark about Julius Cæsar is unintelligible. Bacon gives no such reason for naming one of his books "Novum Organum." But if Jonson wanted to allude to Bacon's new method of teaching, described in his tract "Filum Labyrinthi," in

which Bacon projected a departure from pedagogic practice in favour of a system which should not reveal himself as the teacher, we can better understand Jonson when he proceeds to add in the "De Augmentis" passage: "Which though by the most superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of Nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever."

Under nominal titles you can reach your readers better. They are best instructed when they are unaware of the process being of set purpose in operation.

Jonson not only discussed Bacon as orator under his title of Lord Verulam, as poet under the reference to him as Lord Chancellor, and as educationalist under the title of Lord St. Alban, but in another passage of his "Discoveries" he criticised someone under another title: "De Shakespeare Nostrat Augustus in Hat." Interspaced between this criticism and those on Bacon as orator, as poet, and as educationalist, are certain other dissertations, numbered from 1 to 10. It is certainly curious to find this special numbering (numbers are only used in one other place), because in the "Manes Verulamiana" Bacon is called the *tenth* muse. As Mr. Wigston has noted (BACONIANA, 1909), the Decad or Denarius was a term employed summarily for the whole science of numbers, and ten is the first nominal of the second series which may convey the hint of re-birth. But why "Our Shakespeare," unless Jonson was differentiating between the user of a pseudonym and the man-player whose name had been improved upon to form it?

Manifestly it would have been imprudent to have put the "De Shakespeare nostrat" passage in juxtaposition with the other headed passages above mentioned, or even the most of superficial men might be getting

beyond the title of nominals ! The numbers one to ten accordingly bridge the interspace. Then he gives us another clue, "Augustus in Hat." Augustus was a Cæsar to whom this name was given by the senate and people as a mark of great veneration and respect. That Jonson greatly venerated Francis Bacon is shown in the other passages.

"In Hat." Who was the contemporary of Jonson who was held in such great veneration, and whose hat was such a well-known feature ?

In his old age, if we may judge by his portraits, Bacon even indoors was rarely without his hat. Apart from the biliteral cipher revelations, the man who wore a mantle of kingly purple at his wedding may have had some habit of asserting the kingly privilege of remaining covered in the society of his literary assistants and private friends. To such a habit Jonson could safely refer.

If Jonson wished to leave on record his opinion of his friend Bacon as poet, orator and educationalist, still more might we expect him to place on record his view of him as a fellow-dramatist.

From 1598 onwards he had been always critical of the author of the Shakespeare plays, as many allusions in his own plays bear witness. Moreover he held the opinion (expressed to Drummond) that the author Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense. Had he not blundered in placing (in one of his plays) Bohemia on the sea coast ? As a criticism of a fellow-dramatist this was quite fair and sound.

"Would he had blotted a thousand" was another observation which Jonson could fairly make. The stupid phrase in *Julius Cæsar* as first played had also stuck in old Jonson's memory. He had pilloried it in *Staple of News*, acted 1625. "Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause."

Nor could he as one of Bacon's assistants, writing at the old man's dictation, have failed to wonder when the eloquent flow of words would end, or how, like Augustus Cæsar's verbose senator, he could be stopped. Apart from these very justifiable comments, Jonson loved the man and honoured his memory on this side of idolatry as much as any. Jonson was evidently at pains to put a separate heading to each of the three passages in which he discussed the attainments of Francis Bacon as an orator, a poet and an educationalist. It is reasonable to expect that if he wished to refer to Bacon as a dramatist he would, while respecting his friend's wish for concealment, yet find means to make his meaning clear to those who had been taught or were self-taught how to understand acroamatic methods of delivery.

"De Shakespeare nostrat Augustus in Hat."

"Our Shakespeare," the much venerated old man who so continuously remained covered in more senses than one.

The numbers one to ten appearing only in this inter-space may indicate Bacon as tenth muse, the appellation given him by his literary intimates, or they may not, but the circumstance should not be entirely passed by.

The seeming device of discussing Bacon's merits under four separate headings is also worth attention. Finally Jonson shows that he not only held "Our Shakespeare" but Francis Bacon also in most affectionate regard.

It may have been possible for this old man of sixty to idolize the memory of two separate individuals, one not long deceased, the other dead more than ten years earlier, but having regard to the wealth of circumstantial evidence, a fair inference is that Jonson's love was *for one man alone, however styled*. "Our Shakespeare rise" was Jonson's somewhat ambiguous expression in the Play Folio.

In the "De Augmentis" is a passage with which, whether as translator or reader, Jonson would be familiar. It refers to a scheme of communicating which Bacon had devised :—

"By obscurity of delivery to exclude the vulgar (the profane vulgar) from the secrets of knowledge, and to admit those persons only who have received the interpretation of the enigmas through the hands of teachers or have wits of such sharpness and discernment that they can of themselves pierce the veil."

Herein is largely the explanation why Bacon's secrets were so well kept. Those who during many years after his death acquired them, became of a class above the profane vulgar, and kept the secrets thus attained to with all the pride of initiates into Freemasonry.

Those who have in modern times pierced the veil, such as the Rev. Wm. A. Sutton, S.I. (see his book the "Shakespeare Enigma"), will by-and-bye come to appreciate the fact that Bacon's "Novum Organum" was not a new method, and was so named to divert attention from his real new and secret method :—

"Of publishing in a manner whereby it shall not be to the capacity nor taste of all, but shall as it were, single out and adopt his reader" ("Valerius Terminus").

"A new method must be adopted by which we may be able to insinuate ourselves into minds the most darkened." That the method should be innocuous, that is, that it should afford no handle or occasion to any error whatever, that it should have a certain innate and inherent strength for attracting to itself confidence and repelling the injuries of time, so that doctrine thus handed on, should select and as it were adopt a fit and rightful reader for itself." "*And to future ages I appeal whether or not I have effected this.*"

It has been this very success with one application of

Bacon's secret method, namely to the Play Folio, which has drifted so many readers of Shakespeare into permanent attachment to the idol under whose name Bacon published this branch of his teachings.

Perhaps it had to be so. The title of Nominals has captured more "superficial men" than Bacon designed, despite many patent and latent ambiguities prepared in the Folio.

To this result Jonson contributed. To the open-minded he makes in his "Discoveries" the fact that he was criticising and praising his dead friend Bacon as dramatist under the heading "De Shakespeare nostrat" as plain as anyone alive to Bacon's avowed private or reserved method of delivery could wish to have it.

Directly one appreciates that Jonson was making use of this method of delivery in his "Timber" the latter ceases to give shelter to devout Stratfordians. Of the three contemporary vouchees employed in dressing up the actor-author "Figure" they have very properly discarded the evidential values of two. The third vouchee predicted their difficulties as "the most of superficial men unable to get beyond the title of nominals."

"He is gone indeed";

"The wonder is he hath endured so long."—*King Lear*.

PARKER WOODWARD.

BACON IN ITALY.

(Continued.)

FLORENCE was reached by young D'Estissac and Michel D'Eyquem, Sieur de Montaigne, on Monday, 21st November, 1580. But first let me add two facts about Pratellino. An aviary was praised for being "very beautiful and large. It contains little birds like goldfinches with two long tail feathers, like big capons."

The word *queue* (tail) is printed *cuë*. Now old French for tail is *cone** or *coe*. Did our author coin the word *cue*? It appears eleven times in the Shakespeare plays in its present dramatic sense, and Francis Bacon uses it in the "Advancement of Learning," printed Q.† "Q of learned men beyond the seas to be made" (Spedding, p. 568).

The Grand Duke's large aviary would specially commend itself to Francis, who writes in his Essay Of Gardens: "For aviaries I like them not except they be of that largeness they may be turfed," etc.

We all recall his own aviary in the grounds of York House, and his losing a bird that flew into the Thames, and his paying a woman for catching it. Francis was certainly a lover of birds, and through insignificant "pinholes we may read great matters"; the great matter in this instance being Francis himself, who, as I have already stated in my former articles, I think was the writer of "Montaigne's Diary."

Florence is described as "less than Ferrara, situated in a plain surrounded with a thousand cultivated hills. The river Arno runs through it crossed by all by bridges." The absence of moats round the walls is mentioned. The same day our author visited the very large Medician stables, not conspicuous for any valuable horses.

In the Serraglio or Den of Lions, what we should call the Zoo, he saw a sheep of peculiar shape, and an "animal like a large cat striped black and white, which they called a tiger." In the Church of San Lorenzo our author notes several pictures, and "very fine and excellent statues by Michael Angelo"—no doubt those of the Medici brothers, considered still the noblest

* Webster.

† Q or *cue*, the last words or tail end of preceding speaker. Oddly enough, it was in this sense sometimes denoted by Q, owing to similarity of the sound (Skeat).

sepulchral monuments of modern times, and that of the Madonna and Child, one of the most beautiful of all the master's works.

The Cathedral, "a very large church, and its tower clothed in white and black marble," he describes as "one of the beautiful things of the world and the most sumptuous," but he has "not yet seen the nation that possesses as few beautiful women as Italy." In the Essays he dubs the type "*grosse et grasse*." "The food and lodging of Germany and France he prefers to those of Italy, and the windows are large and open, and great wooden shutters shut daylight out if you wish to exclude sun and wind." The "wines, generally speaking, are worse than all else," and to those who hate "a mawkish sweetness, they are insupportable." Here peeps out Bacon again: "In France the grapes that make the wine, grow upon low vines bound to small stakes . . . in Italy they raise them upon elms and trees, but I conceive that if the French manner of planting low were brought in use there their wines would be stronger and sweeter" (F. Bacon's "Natural History").

He visited the same day the Casino Palace of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francesco I. de' Medici, where the diary says: "The Duke liked to busy himself in manufacturing imitation oriental gems, and in cutting crystals." "He is a Prince who pays some attention to Alchemy and to mechanical arts, and is above everything a grand Architect." Our Francis found something of a kindred spirit here. "We have precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty and to you unknown, and crystals likewise, . . . and rare stones both natural and artificial" ("New Atlantis").

The Casino Palace di San Marco was built 1575 by Buontalenti on the site of the Medici Gardens, once full of Lorenzo de Medici's antique statues and curios. It

was truly a Solomon's House, with a Rosicrucian Duke and his brothers for its sons of science—just the kind of "learned men" our Francis required for his Q.

A modern footnote allows that Duke Francesco, the pupil of Buontalenti, studied the fine arts generally, but doubts his being a great architect, and says it is his brother Don Giovanni who designed the Medici Chapel in S. Lorenzo. The diary does not enumerate all the alchemistic arts of Duke Francesco, who manufactured porcelain, and distilled perfumes, and composed poisons and antidotes in great repute at that time—arts approved by Francis Bacon, who in his "New Atlantis" says: "We have dispensatories or shops of medicines. . . And for their preparation we have . . . all manner of exquisite distillations and separations. . . . We have also perfume houses wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange, we imitate smells, etc."

History tells us that in this Casino laboratory in 1582 was formulated the Uffizi Gallery, "which together with its continuation in the Pitti Palace is undoubtedly the finest collection of pictures in the world" ("Mediæval Towns, Florence" [Dent], p. 161).

One instinctively asks, Had Francis Bacon a share in the formation of that gallery? He seems by his Tract to have been singularly well acquainted with Florence and its Grand Duke. Among other things he tells us that Francesco I.'s "common exercise is in distillations, and in trying of conclusions, the which he doth exercise in a house called Cassino in Florence, where he spendeth the most part of the day, giving ear in the mean season to matters of affairs, and conferring with his chief officers" (William Ball's Edition of Bacon's Works, Vol. II., "Political Tract," p. 365). Certainly the MS. Diary of Michel D'Eyquem, of Montaigne, hid in a chest in France till 1774, ran curiously parallel to Bacon's

Tract ! One writer supplements the other, the experience of the one being in most cases the experience of the other. Bacon in his Tract by no means gives us the impression of repeating gossip at hap-hazard, or at second hand, but of relating certain facts collected from personal observation.

Next morning the small golden ball on the top of the Cathedral was clambered up to. Our author states it held forty persons, but the footnote says it holds eight at most. The Strozzi and Gondi Palaces were visited, where members of both families were still living, and also the Duke's palace, where his father Cosimo had ordered war frescoes to be painted by Gorgio Vasari. A loss to the French at Siena is specially mentioned as the subject of one of these ; nothing else was noted in this most interesting Palazzo Vecchio except the following : "In several quartars of the city, and notably in this palace of Ancient Walls, the fleur-de-lis has the place of honour." On the floor above the Sala de' Cinquecento and the Vasari pomposities is the Sala de' Gigli or Lilies. A modern footnote says : "The lily or iris arms painted under the balcony of the Palazzo della Signoria (Palazzo Vecchio) belong to Carlo D'Angio, King of Naples, and records the power of the Guelph in Florence (who offered Carlo the dominion of the city) and also the many events that link Florence and the Medici to France." That same day M. D'Estissac and M. De Montaigne were guests of the Grand Duke at dinner, presumably at the Pitti Palace, then the seat of Government, left to him by his mother, Eleonora of Toledo). "The Duchess sat in the place of honour, the Duke below her." The diary does not tell us who she was, but Bacon does. "Two years sithence he married la Signora Bianca, a Venetian of Casa Capelli, whereby he entered straiter amity with the Venetians."

In William Ball's edition of Bacon's Works the date

of this Tract is "about 1580" (erroneously printed in last BACONIANA as 1582). The Diary says, "This duchess is according to Italian taste beautiful, with a full bust well displayed, in countenance agreeable and imperious, and giving the impression of having angled for the duke and of keeping him still at her feet." (To Bianca, Tasso wrote madrigals and sonnets). The duke is described as a healthy-looking man of forty; stout, large-limbed, dark complexioned, courteous in face and bearing, and "always passing among his crowd of followers uncovered, which is fine." Francis Bacon adds the information in his Tract that, "He has no princely port or behaviour, more than a great justicer" (repeating twice "He is a great justicer"). "Of the age of forty, of disposition severe and sad, rather than manly and grave." Sad may mean in this case heavy, weighty, ponderous (so used at that time)—it clearly does not mean grave. Shake-speare describes him to the life.

"The justice in fair round belly, with good capon lined.
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut."

This pair both died in 1587 of fever contracted in the Tuscan Maremma marshes. Poison was suspected, but not proved.

On the other side of the Grand Duke's table sat "his two brothers, the Cardinal, and another youth of eighteen."

The first was Ferdinand de' Medici, born 1549, made cardinal at fourteen—he was much the best of all the Medici. Of great authority with Pio V. and Gregory III., then Pope, not only as a Medici, but because of his own personal worth. On the death of his brother Francesco (1588) he gave up his cardinal's hat, and becoming Grand Duke, married Christina of Lorraine. History says, "He was an enlightened patron of the fine arts, and secretly associated with England and Holland in commercial

enterprises in Spanish-America." He seems to have had brilliant qualities. "High souled, an exquisite conserver of his dignity, he lived with reputation and splendour." Unlike his brother, his complexion was sanguine, vivacious and prompt in thought and action, he loved the chase, spent his money freely, was affable in conversation, and seemed to have been of a sweet and pleasant disposition. (From Tommaso Contarini, Venetian Ambassador [Relaz., Ven. XV. 276]). Our special interest in this prince lies in the fact that Bacon dedicated the Italian edition of his "*Saggi Morali*" [1618] to his son, Cosimo II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1609. The letter Dedicatory written by Tobie Matthew to the duke says that Francis Bacon "honours the memory of his father Ferdinand de' Medici with affection and particular admiration." Though Tobie includes the memory of the duke's grandfather, Cosimo [died 1574], in this tribute, I still think that it points to Ferdinand being Francis' personal and honoured friend. Seated at the dinner-table was "another youth of eighteen." This wording makes one wonder whether there were two youths of eighteen at table? And whether the writer of the Diary was one? "A base brother, Don Joanni, sixteen years of age, of great expectation"—as Bacon in his Tract describes him—is the youth indicated. The cardinal's whole brother, Don Pietro, who had married a Spanish woman, was then in Spain in the service of Philip II.

Comments are made in the Diary and Essays on the moderate use of wine in Italy in comparison with the drinking in Germany. "The vice of the Germans in using glasses of immoderate size is quite reversed in Italy, where they are extraordinarily small."

Our author questions the special right of Florence to be surnamed "the beautiful." "She is beautiful, but does not in any way exceed Bologna, is little superior to

Ferrara, and cannot compare with Venice." The multitude of houses abutting on each other both in Florence proper and on the hills round about, and the irregular paving-stones are commented on. A footnote explains this last remark was made in praise of Florence, better off in this respect than other Italian cities, whose streets at that time were badly paved with bricks or pebbles, and were mostly little better than ditches. After dinner four of the gentlemen with a guide posted to the duke's Castello, "with gardens on the hill-side full of oderiferous cedars, cypresses, orange, lemon and olive-trees, whose interlaced branches form shelter from a too hot sun." "The stems of these cypresses and other trees are planted in such a close and regular order that three or four persons only can walk abreast." Fountains emerge from colossal bronze statues, even from the centre of a marble table in a little bosquet within an evergreen oak. "Music made by water power might have been heard, had not the lateness of the hour obliged a return to the city." Was a musical comedy awaiting them there at six o'clock? More than likely!

The Medici arms formed by the branches of living trees, and a fine grotto of animals spouting water from beak, wings, claws, ears and nostrils in the Castello gardens are mentioned, the latter recalling to the writer: "The bronze Chimera standing on a pillar in the Ducal Palace, which was found in a mountain cave and brought to Florence a few years before." A footnote says it was found in a cave at Arezzo, and I can testify to the emblematic monster being to-day one of the chief treasures of Florence's fine Etruscan Museum. Its cryptic shape and traditions would, of course, make it an object of particular interest to Francis Bacon; the Diary describes it in detail.

Arms, horsemanship and literature in Florence were weighed in the balance and found wanting. A truly

Baconian touch, for the Florence Academy was worse than futile—no better than a literary club. One wonders what influence our Beacon-light, our meteor with the fiery *tail*, had on this city during his very brief stay? And if he, Cardinal Ferdinand, and Don Giovanni laid plans for furthering the art, literature and science of Tuscany?

The Riccardi Palace was visited as being the birth-place of the queen-mother of France, known in that day as the great palace of the elder Medici, notably of Lorenzo, Catharine's father.

Very late on Thursday, November 24th, our party reached Siena, travelling thirty-two miles by four sets of post horses. "Siena cannot take the foremost rank amongst Italy's beautiful cities." "Irregularly built on the spine of a hill, it bears the traces of great antiquity." Its excellent water supply attracts our author's notice—a modern footnote tells us that dates from Roman times. "Its cathedral—in no way inferior to that of Florence—is of brick encased with squares of marble." "The finest bit of the town is the beautiful circular piazza, sloping down to the palace, and facing at its highest part a very fine fountain, whose many channels fill a large basin, from which everyone draws excellent water."

"A number of the many streets are *very* ancient; the chief one is that of the Piccolomini, and next that of the Tolomei, Colombini, and also that of the Cerretani." A footnote says families are meant, streets never having borne those names. The Piccolomini palaces are still the admiration of all, and are some of the finest buildings in Siena. The first, built between 1461 and 1500, is said to be truly magnificent. "Signs of antiquity three or four centuries old" are noted, and "the arms of the town, visible on several pillars, the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus." The Duke of Florence, we are told, treats with courtesy those nobles

who favour the French, and "attached to his person is Silvio Piccolomini, the most self-sufficient gentleman of the day with respect to the whole science of arms." From a footnote we learn that from boyhood Silvio followed the profession of arms, while from his valorous father he inherited the title "of Arragon," together with the Maremma lands, 1,000 miles square, on the sea. That Osric in *Hamlet* was sketched from the youthful S—o Pic. (Silvio Piccolomini) is more than likely—the gnat that stings and annoys men (*Picco l'homini*), or the "Water-fly," as Hamlet calls him. Osric we know had "much land, and fertile," was "spacious in the possession of dirt." Besides rare military virtues, Silvio Piccolomini is also specially credited in history with "the most perfect qualities of the *gentiluomo*." Whether or no "the bragart gentleman" of the earlier * *Hamlet*, 1603, "spiced," who smells like a fool, as well as the conceited little "chough," the chatterer, the magpie Osric, were pictured from Silvio, may be an open question; but that he figures as Prince of Arragon (*Merchant of Venice* I. ix.) I feel certain. Anagrams of his names may be found (by those who favour such toys) in his interview with Portia. He makes his entrance as a suitor and gets a fool's bauble for his pains. *Stung* and *nettled* he retires, expressing in that fact his right to the name of Picco. Siena's dandy Paladin was not only a young favourite of Francesco I., but became a greater with Ferdinand I., whose son, Cosimo II., was his pupil, and accounted him his favourite minister. Shake-speare and Montaigne's Diary are both at one with regard to his self-conceit, anyway.

To return to the Diary, Duke Francesco "is careful to man his citadels at great cost"; he "regards visitors to them with suspicion, and issues permits to

* Dyce's edition of Green's Works has 1587 as date of first printed *Hamlet*.

few." Bacon in his Tract adds the information that "these citadels were garrisoned by Spaniards." Montaigne gives the *raison d'être* of this by remarking with regard to these well-armed forts: "The Duke's chief source of danger was his own people." The Crown Inn sheltered our author. In those old days this was the best inn of Siena, one where ambassadors and other great people lodged; a footnote tells us that standing in what is now Via Cavour, No. 32, it was restored in 1850.

Siena was left on Saturday, the 26th. Bacon's advice to the traveller—"Let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long—seems thoroughly to jump with our author's idea. Sleeping one night at Buoncouvent, twelve miles off (in whose Castello died [1313] Arrigo Duco di Luxemburgo), and the next at La Paille, where Pope Gregory III.'s great bridge ended the Duke of Florence's property, our party entered the Papal States. Passing through Aquapendente, S. Lorenzo (a citadel), Bolseno (the ancient Volsinium), and Montefiascon, of much antiquarian interest, they reached Viterbo, noted as "a beautiful town with fine houses, plenty of artisans, fine and pleasant streets, and in three different quarters three fine fountains." A footnote explains it is an ancient Etruscan city rebuilt by the Longobardi. It certainly attracted our author greatly, and, had his mule not already gone on ahead, he would have remained there longer.

Rossiglione, nineteen miles off, was "a little town with a castle belonging to the Duke of Parma. Many houses and lands belong to the Farnese along this route where lodgings are of the best, as it is the great posting road." Here our party stayed the night. Somewhere on this journey—perhaps here—they were entertained by Comedians. Our author says when "that hap-

pened, the actors commenced playing at 6 o'clock by torchlight, and continued acting for two or three hours, after which supper was served." The hours for dinner and supper are commended as favouring the acting and are called "late." "Dinner in good houses is not served till two hours after mid-day, supper not till nine o'clock." Our author perhaps discovers his own habits when he adds, "This is a country for idle people; one rises very late." However, he actually started off again next day "three hours before dawn, so anxious was he to see the walls of Rome." The Prince of Parma, the great statesman and general Alessandro Farnese, is supposed in Siena to have been at one time a suitor of Queen Elizabeth, and to have received from her a portrait of herself by Zuccaro, which interesting portrait hangs in the Siena Belle Arte Gallery; a picture which one wishes were English property. In a letter I had from Mr. Lionel Cust on the subject he says: "It is one of the best and most attractive portraits of the Queen which I know, and may well have been painted by Federigo Zuccaro during his short stay in England about 1574—78."

I interviewed an official in charge of the archives of Siena, and he told me this picture came from the Palazzo Reale, in Siena, the residence of the younger of the Grand Duke's family. Its furniture and pictures were sent from the Medici Palace, Florence, among which, he thought, might have come this picture. Hearing the official in charge of the inventory of the Medicean Palace in Florence would know most about it, I reached him through an Italian friend, and this reply came:—

"The portrait of Queen Elizabeth of England, painted by Federigo Zuccaro (1542—1600), taken from the Palazzo Reale, was carried there by the Granducal family, Medici-Lorense," etc., etc.

If that be the case the picture belonged to Duke Ferdinand, the Cardinal of the dinner party, who married Christina of Lorraine. How did he come by it? It certainly bears the Medicean arms. The hair is bright and pretty; the face, still young, inscrutable; the lace, a carnation design, carefully painted. A large globe has ships sailing round it. Behind are four courtiers in elegant attitudes. One with a pointed beard, brandishing a long stick, might be Sir Christopher Hatton. There is a row of pillars to one side of them. In the queen's left hand is a *sieve*, of all queer things!

I am confirmed in my opinion that what she holds is a sieve by the letter of the Italian official referred to, who gave me the text of three legends in the picture difficult to read:—

“Wearied reposed, and reposed troubled” (“On the Pillar”).

“This view is great” (“On the Globe”).

“*Terra firma* is best, bad to remain in the saddle” (“Within the Sieve”).

All cryptic sayings, apparently, and hard to be understood.

Another noticeable thing in the picture is three medallions hanging in a line from a pillar draped in black, on it gold geometrical eight-pointed stars. A man burning in flames is on one; a woman bending from a throne towards someone below her on a step is on the second; the third is a temple, with birds in flight. If anyone can throw light on this curious picture I shall be glad. My only illumination has been two frescoes in the Palazzo Communale in Siena by the master emblematiser, Lorenzetti. The subjects, “Good and Bad Government,” represent five female figures. The first, *Magnanimity*, is said to have on her knees “a basin filled with money.” This description of the picture given to the world is absurd

as it is untrue. Magnanimity has a *sieve* on her knees as surely as Queen Elizabeth holds one in her picture, and she holds open, attached by a riband, a feather fan, or a fan of sorts. The picture is dark in more senses than one.

F. Zuccaro, of course, knew Lorenzetti's fresco. Did he wish to represent Elizabeth as fanning or winnowing the wheat from the chaff, and as representing *magnanimity* and good government?

Vasari (p. 530, "Ant. Lorenzetti") says, "These frescoes were painted to show appropriate symbols of moral and civil Sapience, and to induce saintly love of Justice and Country." Giotto, he says, was allegorical, and had poetical invention; so had Gaddi and many others, but the most excellent of all is Antonio Lorenzetti, who left a picture the most splendid, the best ordered, and the most copious monument to Moral, Civil, and political Sapience possible."

In the Frescoe of Bad Government cruelty to children and tyranny of all kinds are represented. Did this have its prototype in the man in flames in Elizabeth's portrait? Lorenzetti's pictures have inscriptions, too, "To fly is quite proper in this earth," "Justice is the slave of tyranny," etc., etc.

A miniature of Arabella Stuart was painted by Hilliard and sent to the Duke of Parma, Ranuzio, b. 1569, one of her suitors, son of Alessandro. Perhaps this fact may account for the idea that Queen Elizabeth's picture was sent to her suitor the Duke of Parma? There was a party that wished to put Arabella and Ranuzio on the throne, he being a direct descendant of Edward III. F. Zuccaro painted Arabella at 13½, which looks as though he were also in England at that date. I could find no mention of his being in England in his "Life" in the Siena Library.

I have far exceeded the space allotted to me, and

The Janssen Portrait of Bacon Found. 117

must close my paper, leaving our author's experiences in the Eternal City for another number.

ALICIA A. LEITH.

[In Miss Leith's article, "Bacon in Italy," appearing in the January number, there were four uncorrected printers' errors which she had noted in the proof. On page 38 a note "written about 1582" should have been "about 1580." On page 38 "Lra Paolo Sarpi" should have been "Fra Paolo Sarpi." On page 39 "ignobels" should have been "ignobles"; and on page 42 the name "Bentivoili" should have been "Bentivolii."]

THE JANSSEN PORTRAIT OF BACON FOUND.

SPEDDING in the "History and Plan of this Edition" prefixed to Volume I. of his 1879 edition of Bacon's philosophical works devotes some space to an account of the various portraits of Francis Bacon which have come down to us. Referring to the engraving prefixed to that volume, he writes:—"I selected this likeness by preference, partly because original impressions are scarce and none of the others which I have seen give a tolerable idea of it, whereas the rival portrait by Van Somer is fairly represented by the engraving in Lodge's collection; but chiefly because I have some reason to suspect that it was made from a painting by Cornelius Janssen, and some hope that the original is still in existence, and that this notice may lead to the discovery of it. Janssen is said to have come over to England in 1618, the year in which, as I have said, the engraving must have been published. Bacon did sit for his portrait to somebody (but it may no doubt have been to Van Somer) about this time; at least, £33 was 'paid to the picture drawer for his ld's picture' on the 12th September, 1618. Now

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I have in my possession an engraving in mezzotinto, purporting to be a portrait of Bacon, representing him in the same position and attitude and the same dress (only that the figure on the vest is different), and having a similar oval frame with the same kind of border. In the left hand corner, where the painter's name is usually given, are the words *Cornelius John Son pinxit*. The engraver's name is not stated, but there is evidence on the face of the work that he was a poor performer."

After describing the difference between this engraving and that of Simon Pass, Spedding continues:—"But however that may be, this mezzotinto appears at least to prove that when it was made there was in existence a portrait which somebody believed to be a portrait of Bacon by Cornelius Johnson—that is, no doubt, Cornelius Janssen."

Recently bearing the name of Bacon there died in Norfolk a descendant of Bacon's half-brother, Nicholas, and his effects came to be sold by auction. These included the privy purse of the great Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and a number of family portraits. Among the latter was the missing portrait by Cornelius Janssen. It is painted on canvas, and on the back is written, "Sir Francis Bacon, by Cornelius Janssen." It is certainly *not* the original of either of the engravings to which Spedding refers. Its size is 30 in. × 20 in. The head is covered with the well-known black hat, the crown of which appears to be rather higher than it is found to be in the engravings. If this could be removed, there would be the typical Shakespeare head. The hair is dark brown, with an auburn tint. The beard and moustache are of a light flaxen brown, almost yellow. The picture was secured at the sale by an ardent Baconian, and it is intended that some day it shall form part of a national memorial to the great poet, philosopher and statesman.

NOTES.

A DEPUTATION recently waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury to express dissatisfaction with the "revised" version of the Bible. A weekly journal, after expressing the opinion that a further revised version is as little likely to give popular satisfaction, says: "All the learning of all the professors and scholars will never supplant the old "authorised" version of the Bible by any other modern "revised" version which boasts of greater accuracy and exactitude in translating from the Hebrew original. Better stick to that which has woven itself into the mental and moral life of the British people, and assign to revised versions the place of useful auxiliaries.

There are many signs that the controversy as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays is entering on a new stage. One of these is to be found in the volume in Everyman's Library on "The Life and Works of Shakspeare," by Oliphant Smeaton. On page 7 the writer says:—

In a word so "full orb'd" a man, intellectually speaking, was Shakespeare, his capacity or power of assimilating information and his faculty of reproducing it being alike so marvellous that some writers have based on this an argument against the Shakespearean authorship of the plays. To argue thus is folly. Shakespeare's mind was a unique mind that cannot be measured by ordinary standards of acquisition, etc.

Appendix II. at the end of the volume contains a list of "books useful to the student of Shakespeare." They are classified under various heads. On page 546 is a paragraph headed, "The Bacon Shakespeare Theory," in which the following sentence occurs:—

Although one may personally disagree with the above theory, it has now passed the tentative stage and has been accepted by so many men of undoubted ability and scholarship that it is every student's duty carefully to investigate it."

Surely Mr. Smeaton would not say it was every student's duty carefully to investigate a theory which it was folly to argue !

THERE is no doubt but that Sir Edwin is compelling attention to this controversy. His activity knows no limits. "Bacon Is Shakespeare" has had a very large circulation (many times that of any previous work upon the subject) and has entailed a large correspondence. But Sir Edwin, not satisfied with this, is conducting controversies in at least half a dozen newspapers in different parts of the country. Never has there been a time when there have been so many journalists who have acknowledged the possession of "an open mind" on the subject. Discussions in the public press are not satisfactory. The arguments for the Bacon case are so various and cover so much ground that they cannot be put forward in a satisfactory manner in letters to newspapers. If the issue could be raised in a legal action, and the question could be fought out before a judge, either with or without a special jury, the Shakespeare myth would be settled for all time.

One of the most significant references to the controversy on the authorship of the plays is to be found in the *Referee* of the 24th March. In the columns contributed by G. R. Sims the following appears :—

The telephone bell rang. I took the receiver off the hook and waited patiently—patience is part of the telephone system. "Hello!" said an invisible voice. "The same to you," I replied graciously. Then the invisible voice queried,

"ARE YOU SHAKESPEARE?"

I was flattered, and smiled. "No," I replied; "I'm Bacon." "What are you talking about? Are you Shakespeare?" "Well, I've written plays; but what's the joke? I'm busy." "Are you Shakespeare?" "No." "Aren't you 447—?" No; I'm not." "Then ring off!" And I thought when the voice said, "Are you Shakespeare?" that it was a theatrical manager prefacing a commission with a little playful flattery.

* * * *

But, putting the receiver on the hook, let me be serious. A week ago, had anyone told me Shakespeare was

A GAMMON OF BACON,

and said, "Are you convinced that Bacon did not write Shakespeare?" I should have replied wilfully, "I ham." But now I am inclined to think that nothing would be rasher. I have been reading a remarkable book, "Bacon Is Shakespeare," by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, and the arguments in that book give one furiously to think. At any rate, in the matter of Bacon, I am no longer pig-headed.

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Admitting that whoever wrote Shakespeare's plays must have possessed expert knowledge of the law and of the etiquette of Courts and had a highly-cultured mind, it is difficult to reconcile these facts with our knowledge of Shakespeare's birth, condition, education, conduct of life, and general environment. He must have been a great reader to crowd his works with proof of such vast knowledge. Yet he died without a book in his possession. At the same time, there is a knowledge of the stage and stage effect in Shakespeare's plays that it is difficult to credit to Bacon. Is not the solution of the mystery the collaboration of the philosopher, the lawyer, the traveller, the courtier, and the man of parts, with the actor? Perhaps Bacon went to Shakespeare—how shall I say it?— . . .

It is a distinct score for Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence that a perusal of his book should have made Mr. G. R. Sims "furiously to think" upon the subject, and as a result of his thought, be no longer pig-headed.

Another "straw" will be found in *The Field* of 30th March, 1912, where reference is made to Mr. Crouch-Batchelor's "Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare." Nearly two columns are devoted to the subject. Speaking of this book the article says:—

"For the first time in our experience we have come across a book which expresses in less than 150 pages the case against William Shakespeare with a fairness which deserves consideration. We do not for a moment say that Mr. Batchelor proves the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays, but, whatever the difficulty of such a proof may be, he convinces us that they are very slight in comparison with those of attributing the plays

to 'the actor from Stratford.' As a matter of fact, this attribution has never been a matter of proof ; it never can be. We all accept it very much as we accept the authorship of various divisions of the Bible, and it is not likely that history, or logic, or argument, will ever have any effect upon that conviction. Still, there are certain points, never sufficiently recognised by the literary protagonists of William Shakespeare, which cause an undoubted difficulty in accepting him as the author, and suggest an undoubted possibility in considering that Bacon might have written the plays."

Then follow a number of arguments taken from "Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespeare," and the article thus concludes:—

"We think most of the arguments, including those which we have selected, deserve a more direct answer than they have yet had. Mr. Batchelor has not convinced us, but he has interested us very much, and, if we merely consider the matter to be a literary riddle, we see no less reason for receiving the reply, which will be awaited with great interest, and it will have to be a reply in detail. We have heard quite enough about the inexplicable powers of genius ; but the greatest genius cannot fire an empty gun."

It is certainly a new experience to have the Baconian case referred to in the Press in such fair and reasonable terms.

Mr. William Archer has been endeavouring to enlighten the readers of the *Morning Leader* upon the assertion which has been made that our contemporary dramatist "cannot be matched by any similar group since the days of the unparalleled outburst of drama in the time of Shakespeare." Mr. Archer thinks that if the proposition were thus stated, "Shakespeare apart, the drama of the present day does not yield even to that of Elizabeth and James," it might be defensible. There never was a time, he says, when the drama was not going to the dogs, not only in the estimation of a considerable number of critics, but of a large number of the

public. After stating that this opinion has been almost if not quite as prevalent during the richest as during the poorest periods, he continues: "If anyone had told Francis Bacon that he would one day be accused of writing the plays of Shakespeare (and most other plays of the period) do you suppose he would have felt flattered? In all probability he would have said, 'If you want to insult me, pray think of something more plausible.'" This clever observation or *jeu d'esprit* reveals two interesting facts. The first is that Mr. Archer has not even a passing acquaintance with Bacon or his works, and the second is that he hopelessly fails to understand the Shakespeare plays, their value, or the objects with which they were written.

In the *Spectator* of the 25th of February appeared an anthology of Shakespeare's modernisms. Commenting thereon, Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache expresses the opinion that Shakespeare's two most modern characters are Philip Faulconbridge and Jacques. There is a tinge of dawning modernity in the passages in which Faulconbridge analyses and, so to say, moralizes his cynicism; for example, in his plea for "commodity," ending with the line in which, after the fashion of introspective thinkers, he made himself out worse than he was:

"Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee."

Mr. Tollemache comments thus:—"But the cynicism of this passage would find parallels in the writings of Bacon, whose self-revelations had the advantage of being unhampered by the trammels of verse. Perhaps, therefore, a more characteristic outburst of the royal bastard is that which hints at wonder whether he has done wisely in bartering his estate against a knight-hood:—

"A foot of honour better than I was,
 But many a many foot of land the worse.
 Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, Sir Richard, God-a-mercy, fellow:—
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names :
 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
 For your conversion."

It is interesting to contrast the line of conduct sketched in this passage with the advice given by the more prudent Chesterfield to his son, who was, by the way, like Faulconbridge, illegitimate. The son is directed to be always careful to call his acquaintances by their right names, just as he is told to let his guests see that he has taken note of any likes or dislikes that they may have formerly shown in their choice of food and wine. But, if thus far the princely scion has fallen short of the ideal of wordly prudence, even Bacon could not have bettered him in the "Wisdom for a Man's Self," with which he further on sought, as it were, to efface the bar sinister from his social escutcheon (*Majores pennas nide extendisse loqueris*) ; for he set himself

"To deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising."

Thus, in making for "self-help," he became an adept in what is now sometimes called "pragmatism," but what Mark Pattison more appropriately described as "economy of truth." As Bacon would have said, he had "dissimulation in seasonable use."

Mr. Tollemache thus concludes a most illuminating contribution to the subject:—"Let me conclude by saying that the note of modernity is the more conspicuous in Shakespeare through its coming only by

fits and starts. It is immeasurably commoner in Bacon"

Apparently Mr. Tollemache would not be likely to share Mr. Archer's views, but then Mr. Tollemache's letter makes it clear that he is acquainted with the writings both of Shakespeare and Bacon.

Some reference is necessary as to the article which appears in the present number of *BACONIANA* from the pen of Mr. John Hutchinson, entitled "The Sonnets of Shakespeare, a New View." The manuscript was received before the issue of the January number. Mr. Hutchinson had arrived at conclusions almost identical to those which were set out in the article by Mr. W. T. Smedley which appeared in that number. Both of these writers have held the views enunciated for many years, and by a singular coincidence both committed their theory to ink and paper about the same time. Mr. Hutchinson requests it may be stated that the coincidence would be still more singular and apparent if he had extended his Article so as to include his explanation of the "rival poet," which would have been found almost identical, both in sense and manner of treatment, with that of Mr. Smedley.

REVIEWS.

Francis Bacon's Works (acknowledged, vizarded, or suspected).

Catalogued in order of printed date, with notes, by Parker Woodward. Published by Sweeting and Co., London, 1912. 8vo, cloth.

The first paragraph of the preface reads thus: "This attempt at a catalogue is printed for the use of that small and much anathematised group of men and women who adhere to the belief that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays and much of the literature of the Elizabethan Renaissance." The book contains on the one page notes of the events of a year, commencing with 1578, and so one from year to year; and on the

opposite page a list of the works published during the same year, of which the compiler believes, or suspects, Bacon was the author. There is space left on each page for additions to be made by the reader. The introduction contains a general statement of Mr. Parker Woodward's view of Elizabethan literature. It need not be mentioned that the Leicester-Elizabeth parentage of Bacon is insisted on. Commencing literary work in 1578 under the pen-names of Immerito Euphues, Lyly and Watson, it is contended that Bacon "moved on to the arranged use of the names of men-players (some of them having been 'children of the Royal Chap-pell' in boyhood) such as Gosson, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Shakspeare; or of clerks, parsons, assistants and tutors, such as Spenser (who went to live in Ireland), Kyd, Bright, Burton. Webbe, Dorrell, Nashe, Whitney, Wilmot, Heywood and Peacham, Occasionally he reverted to pen-names such as in the Marprelate pamphlets, where he appears as Pasquil and Marphoreus."

The little work is a most useful book of reference, and no Baconian's library table should be without it.

Francis Bacon's Own Story. By J. E. Roe, South Lima, N.Y.
Fifty cents.

IN two small little quarto volumes, with paper covers, containing together about 112 pages, will be found some excellent reading. In the first volume Mr. Roe gives a most ingenious explanation of the meaning of the Shakespeare Sonnets. These are classified under seven heads, concerning (1) their author's own impeachment and fall; (2) his tabular system of philosophy; (3) a new life, in which the days of Queen Elizabeth are contrasted with the "bastard signs of fair" of those of James I.; (4) their author's struggle with the royal "will"—the will of Queen Elizabeth; (5) succession to the throne on death of Elizabeth; (6) their author's "weed" nom-de-plume or hyphenated name—Shake-speare; (7) praise of their author's own mental gifts and of his greatly-felt mission.

The arguments on behalf of the author's contentions are admirably set forth, and their perusal must give pleasure to any student, whether the theory is accepted or not. In the second volume Bacon's "tabular system of philosophy" is discussed. It was based, says Mr. Roe, on distinctive "Tables of Discovery." They are important in that all else in the system is based on them. All other systems of philosophy are logical systems, and based on arguments.

Francis Bacon Wrote Shakespearé. The arguments *pro* and *con*, frankly dealt with by H. Crouch Batchelor, 8vo. demy, 143 pp. cloth. Robert Banks and Son, London. 2s. net.

UNDER this title Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor extends in book form arguments adduced in his pamphlet of 1910. If the use of vigorous polemics is the best way of capturing acceptance of one's

views, Mr. Batchelor proves a doubtful champion of the Baconian case. The orthodox critics have certainly invited reprisals, and may well deserve the epithets "silliest," "fatuous," "rabid," "Stratfordian fanaticism," "gross literary dishonesty," with which the writer bespangles his arguments. Yet so devoted an admirer of Francis Bacon as Mr. Batchelor shows himself to be might have been expected to have followed Bacon's favourite method of peaceful persuasion for gaining the assent of his readers. To convince people prepossessed of the orthodox view is difficult at all times, but hopeless if we make them angry. We would have been glad, too, if this writer had treated the Stratford player a little more kindly.

The known facts of his life are only valuable as showing their inconsistency with great literary attainments. But why call him "a snob"? He was probably no worse and no better than the average successful peasant of his period. That he permitted the use of his name by another, perhaps for reward, does not make him partizan to a discussion arisen after his demise.

Baconians who enter the lists outside the covers of this magazine should aim at moderation. We think still more that they should be as accurate in statement as they possibly can. Mr. Batchelor is not fair to Burleigh's memory in saying that he was preventing Francis from obtaining a Government appointment, and showing increasing hostility. The letters and documents show that Burleigh was kind to Francis and sought to help and advance him. Nor is it fair to say that Robert Cecil was unfit for office. Jealous and opposed to Francis, he was a man of ability, and an efficient Secretary of State. It is not accurate to state that Francis travelled with the French Court (p. 63). All we know is that he went to France in 1576, and returned thence in 1579. It is not known that he visited Italy. "*L'Histoire Naturelle*" states that he did so, but that is hardly final on the question. The correct year of Bodley's letter to Francis at Orleans is probably 1582, and certainly not 1577, unless Bodley is to be disbelieved. It is not the fact that no provision was made for Francis by Sir Nicholas Bacon because of the non-signature of a will. A full and elaborate will, mentioning Francis, but leaving him no maintenance was published by Sir Nicholas two months before his death. Francis was not always poor, nor did he fall into debt in 1584, nor become Secretary to Essex. He may have been short of money in 1593, but surely not desperately hard up. He was not arrested for debt until 1598, and Anthony did not pay it nor mortgage his property for the purpose. Francis wrote to the Queen's Prime Minister, and seems to have been out again very promptly.

It cannot be said that Ben Jonson "admittedly wrote" the Heminge and Condell preface to the 1623 folio. The internal evidence, namely, the use of Pliny's Latin letter to Vespasian points to Bacon (who also used it in his letters) as the writer of it.

But while we find in this book inaccuracies, to be regretted,

we are glad to welcome several new and useful arguments. That dealing with the compression in the Essay on Love and the consequent misunderstanding is very good. Mr. Batchelor searches with his eyes shut where ciphers are concerned, and in his appendix of works consulted, confines himself strictly to Vol. I. of Donnelly's book. His argument as to Bacon's Essay on Love obtains no reinforcement from the Gallup decipher that Francis was in youth crossed in love by Marguerite of Valois. We like the point he makes at page 90, where he reminds us of Francis spangling his first speech in the Law Courts in 1594 with unusual words, thus indicating a likely author of the novel words in the Shakespeare plays. The note, too, as to Harvey's views as to the circulation of blood (as to which he lectured from 1616 onwards) being repeated in Coriolanus is a cogent indication of late alteration of that play. Bacon was one of Harvey's patients. It is not correct to suggest that Bacon was in his early manhood dependent upon the law for his maintenance. The Queen and Burleigh saw to this, as Bacon's own letters show. Indeed, it is an argument for his authorship of the plays that he did not practise the law in the Queen's lifetime except in 1594, and then only by her permission. We thank Mr. Batchelor for recalling several beautiful sentences of Bacon's writing. Space permits of our quoting two only :—

"The duties of life are more than life."

—Letter to Villiers, 17 May, 1617.

"The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation."—"Advancement of Learning."

Passages from the Autobiography of a Shakespeare Student. By R.

M. Theobald, M.A., 8vo. demy, 88 pp. Robert Banks and Son, London. 3s. 9d. net., cloth.

DR. THEOBALD has worked in the past for the Baconian cause as no other man and only one woman has. His reminiscences, now published, cover a period of 66 years, commencing with a visit to Birmingham in 1846. The book contains 81 short chapters, and is written in a gossiping style, full of interest. Dr. Theobald appears to have met or been in communication with most of the distinguished Shakespearean scholars who have lived during his period, and what he has to say about them is well worth reading.